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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A HOME MISSIONARY NEARLY FORTY YEARS AGO.

Furnished by Mrs. M. E. Stewart, by request.

MANY a touching and interesting paper has been written, relating to mission work in foreign lands, where even the routine of every-day life has a touch of romance, but we think that home-missionary life is a trifle more prosaic.

My father, Rev. J. N. Smith, came to Kansas in 1855; coming to Iowa by water. From thence, with two or three friends, he traveled in a covered wagon, and selected his home on the rolling prairie, and also at the same time the site for a colony, which he named Berea.

Our first house was made of hewn logs—that is, they were hewed square, the bark being all taken off. As soon as lumber could be sawed at the new mill, we had a floor, and also a door. The winter was not a cold one, and we lived until after Christmas without either of these. A piece of carpet was hung in the doorway when needed.

Mother was very ingenious, and invented many things to make us comfortable and happy. I often think of those times as the most enjoyable of my youth-

ful days. Father was away from home much of the time, and dear mother was our companion in many a ramble for wild fruit and flowers. She was strong and active, small, had bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and we, her little daughters, thought there were not many things that mother could not do. She was too full of care for her own family, and for others, to be lonely, with a cheerful way of making the best of everything. But the incessant toil and care of such a life were too much for her strength, and she became an invalid a good part of the time. This was less than five years after we came to Kansas, and after this the heavier burdens of housekeeping were shared by her elder daughters (these mere children) though she always did what she could of sewing and other work. Her lack of health made more care for father, who used to help make clothes for the children, besides showing us about the work when mother was not able.

For several years after we came west our supplies had to be hauled from Kan-

sas City. Mother was very economical, and had the gift of making a little go a great way.

We soon began to raise corn, sorghum, potatoes and such things, and we never wanted bread, though it very often was corn-bread. They also brought quite a supply of dry goods. One bolt of calico just about made us a dress apiece—aunt, cousins and ourselves,—quite like being dressed in uniform.

The first summer we all had good health, and before fall we had neighbors, some of them living in their covered wagons until they could build their houses, mother often making beds on the floor for the women and children. There were two young men who took claims about a mile from us near a fine spring. They thought much of children and made great pets of us. One evening in October my two sisters, one aged ten and the other seven, started from home to hunt old "Brownie", the cow. It was a very large pasture that she was turned into, but Brownie did not often wander far from home, but would go to the spring for water and would often be found in the evening near the home of the two bachelors, so there the little girls went in search of her. They were invited to stay for tea, which they did, and started for home in the twilight. There were then only dim wagon tracks or perhaps an Indian trail, to guide the settler, instead of good roads as we have now, so they soon lost sight of the track leading to their home, and as it became dark they found that they were "lost on the prairie." They were brave little girls and tried very hard to find home, but they only succeeded in wandering farther away.

Maggie said that she had heard that sailors, and others always followed the North star as a guide, and papa had shown her which it was; so in childish

faith they tried to follow it, but soon became quite exhausted and laid down to rest near the banks of a small creek, some three or four miles from home.

Maggie wrapped her apron around Rachel to keep her warm, and then they tried to sleep. But sleep did not come to both, and after awhile the wakeful one saw a light and aroused the other one. At first they were afraid, as they thought it might be the light from an Indian camp. But they concluded to go to it, as it would be no worse to be killed by Indians than to freeze to death. Pretty soon they heard some one shout their names, first ones then the other. "Oh, that's papa," they said, and they answered his call, and thus he found his lost ones. One of the bachelors had come with father and it was the light from their lantern which attracted the attention of the little girls. It was about midnight, and they were so cold and stiff they could not walk, so my father and his friend both took off their coats and wrapped around them, and carried them home, when they found that mother had also started out to hunt for them; so they started out again with their lanterns to find her, which they fortunately did not far from home.

Father and mother were always ready to help the unfortunate, and more than one poor slave was sheltered by them, and helped through on the "Underground Railway," as the method of getting them through to Canada was called. I distinctly remember one colored man who was hidden in our kitchen loft for awhile, where we fed and took care of him; and when Sabbath came he was taken to one of our neighbors, because there was to be preaching at our house.

When old John Brown took a company of slaves from Missouri through to Canada they were left for a couple of weeks in a cabin about a mile and a half from

where we lived, and there father helped to feed and care for them, often going in the night with corn meal and other provisions, while some of them came at other times to spend the evening with us, getting milk and other things for one that was sick. Afterwards John Brown passed through Berea with the slaves, and we all had the pleasure of seeing him by moonlight. As people of our church from the states came, father was busy, helping, advising and getting them settled on claims which afterwards became their homes.

For several years we had subscription schools, and as there were a good many young folks among the settlers, and some of them pretty well educated, they soon organized a lyceum and singing-school. Father enjoyed them very much and used to take his little girls with him. So you see we had some advantages, if it was a new country.

The Indians never troubled us much, though I remember once mother baked corn-meal pancakes for about forty of them.

Father preached quite regularly, first from house to house, and as the congregation increased a small church was built, which was also used for a school-house, father teaching sometimes himself. He occasionally went a hundred miles or more to organize a congregation, or attend a meeting of Presbytery, often going the whole distance on horseback or in a covered wagon.

The years of '59 and '60 will long be remembered as the time of the great drought, when but little rain fell for a period of eighteen months. The country was so new that there was no grain laid up from other years and no railroads on which to ship it from the East. The need for help became so urgent that father went through some parts of Illinois and Iowa, among our own church

people, to solicit aid for the needy ones; and they were to work for this aid, and thus help to build a stone church.

Much of the stone-quarrying and hauling were thus done, the outside walls were partly built, and the trimmings handsomely carved by an experienced stone-cutter. But masons, stone-cutter, and other workmen, were called off to the war, and the stone church was never built, but a frame church on a smaller scale was afterwards erected.

I once had the pleasure of taking a long ride with my father, who was going to attend a meeting of presbytery. The distance was about one hundred and fifty miles. We started on a cold, drizzly morning in March. Before noon the rain turned into sleet, and we had a very disagreeable ride, as we faced the storm. The houses we passed were very few. It was quite cold next day when we arrived at Topeka, where we stayed with friends with whom father had boarded when he attended the Legislature. Next day was a beautiful one, and we still traveled westward. We passed through Indian villages, and stopped once at the home of a half-civilized Indian for our dinner. It was night when we arrived at Louisville, the county seat of Pottawatomie county. We were directed to the one hotel the place afforded, which was a log structure consisting of one very large room with an attic and a small kitchen. After enjoying a very good supper, provided by our Yankee hostess, we sat down by the cheerful fire in the large fire-place. But pretty soon more company came, both old and young. One young man brought his violin, and we soon found that we had come to a dance without being invited. We were very tired, but there was no opportunity to retire, as the beds were in the same room.

At a late hour the party broke up; some men who boarded there went to

the attic to bed and we were left alone with our host and hostess. When the lady understood that father was a minister she felt very badly about the dancing, and brought the family bible and requested him to have family worship, after which we retired for the night. Next day we arrived at the house of a United Presbyterian family by the name of Vance, who lived but a few miles from our destination.

Presbytery met in a schoolhouse near the Big Blue river. Revs. Marling, Davis and Baldrige, were among the ministers who were present.

About the close of the war, when father was absent, attending a meeting of the General Assembly at Washington, Iowa, my little brother Davie, aged twelve, was taken ill in a strange way. He gradually became stiff all over, and before he died could not move a finger nor

could he move his tongue, though we thought he could understand all that was said to him. Our physician was away, being a surgeon in the army, but we procured the best medical aid we could, and still he grew worse. Mother was in very feeble health, but our dear Aunt Garrett came to our assistance, leaving her own family to stay with us, night and day, and help us in our sore trouble. I remember the sad home coming. Father did not hear of Davie's death until he arrived at Leavenworth, where word had been sent.

Father was called to his reward fifteen years ago. Mother has comparatively good health now, though more than seventy years of age. She lives over in memory the old times, and seems to be "just waiting to meet her dear ones on the other shore."

"WOMAN'S WORK FOR CHRIST."

Read before Women's General Missionary Society which met at Erie, Pa., May 12-14th, 1896,
BY MISS MINNIE H. SPEER, CHICAGO.

THE idea which my theme suggests, and which I wish to impress upon you particularly, is that of *personal service* for Christ in the field in which He has placed you.

That woman has an important work to do in the evangelization of the world there can be no question; and that she is awakening to a sense of her privilege and responsibility and rising up to the full measure of her opportunities is also evident. Indeed, she now stands well to the front in every enterprise for the uplifting of humanity and the christianizing of the world, as a glance over the lists of foreign and home missionaries will clearly show.

Some of the brightest pages of history and of sacred writ record her heroic ef-

forts and noble deeds of love, which thrill and inspire every reader to nobler and holier activities. History repeats itself, and so I claim that to-day we have some as brave and noble women as have lived since the time of the apostles. But what the world wants is *more* of them. Listen!

1. *Wanted, at Home.*—More Frances E. Willards, to help drive the monster *Rum* from our nation and thus save the forty thousand boys who go down to drunkards graves every year.

2. *Wanted.*—More Clara Bartons to distribute relief to suffering humanity and point them to Calvary.

3. *Wanted.*—More Miss Taylors to carry the Gospel *where it is not*. It may be just around the corner from your own door, perhaps under the same roof.

4. *Wanted.*—More Mrs. Clarks to keep open Pacific Garden missions in

the slums of our great cities, where night after night, week in and week out, the whole year round, the Gospel is preached and souls are being literally "snatched as brands from the burning."

5. *Wanted.*—Mothers like Hannah, who will take an interest in their children and train them for the service of the Lord. As they cannot tell where their children may be cast in after years, they ought therefore to prepare them for every contingency by storing their minds with the truth of God. We have this beautifully illustrated in the story of Naaman, the leper, and the little captive maiden, whose pious mother, no doubt, had made her familiar with the true faith and its ministers.

6. *Wanted.*—Mothers like Mrs. Mills, who will give their children to the Lord as missionaries. In short, the world wants more active Marthas, and more spiritual Marys, though we find the latter active, too, as she pours the precious ointment upon the feet of Jesus. This was personal service, and so I consider Mary a model missionary, and wish that what was said of her might be said of each one of us, "She hath done what she could."

Let us notice some of the characteristics of this eminent believer. In this loving act she shows her own humility and the Lord's worth, all of which should be possessed by every christian, and every christian ought to be a missionary. In the first place she considered nothing too precious for her Saviour. He gave His life for us; can we do too much for Him? Again, expense was nothing in her esteem. She no doubt made quite a sacrifice in showing her love for Jesus. In the light of Calvary, have any of us ever made a sacrifice for Christ? Then she gave the best she had. How many of us give Him our best services? Do we not often grudge Him the little time

we devote in serving Him? "The children will not have anything to wear if I spend two or three hours once a month at the missionary society." I *hope* I have not expressed the sentiments of any lady here, but I have heard it. Another beautiful trait is that Mary did not get some one else to anoint Jesus for her. She poured it with her own hands, and so I think each one of us has a work to do for Christ which no one can do for us. O, if we only realized this responsibility! I fear too many of us are letting those who are willing and devoted to the Lord's work do more than their share in carrying it on. If only each one would do "what she could," how much lighter the work, and how much more might be accomplished than is being done.

Another important characteristic is, Mary didn't care what the world said. What though the world laughs and mocks and calls it "waste and extravagance" so long as we have the smile of Christ?

Do you ask now after what has been said, what can I, a woman, do? Mary was a woman and she "did what she could." Our work then is definite. Nothing impossible is required of us. Do you say you have too little grace to take part in this work? Exercise that little and God will give you more. Use the opportunities you have of speaking a word for Christ, and God will give you plenty of them. There are a great many things that we could do. We could love Him more, pray more, and praise Him more; we could seek the salvation of others, which is the end for which we are saved. But if there is nothing that we can do, we can at least be something for Christ.

It is said that the trembling of a leaf affects the motion of the earth, and through that disturbs the sun and the most distant stars of the universe. Even

so we may as surely know that no one, however rich or poor, "can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it."

Only that nothing is either small or great in God's sight, I should feel that my work for Christ was very insignificant compared with what some of you have done. Just as a spring gushes out of the hillside and forms the little rill, then the creek, river, and finally reaches the ocean, even so I trust the influence of my work will widen and deepen as years roll on, and will go out to cheer and strengthen and will help speed the happy day, when the knowledge of the Glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Having been brought up in a home where Christ and His ministers were always honored guests, and realizing how much Christ had done for me, I longed to tell others of the friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and it is wonderfully interesting, to me at least, to know how God has opened up the way and given me so many opportunities to do so. As perhaps you all know, I have been engaged in city missionary work in Chicago for a year and a half; a rather short experience, but to me full of interest and unspeakable delights, as I have followed where He led me, and tried, in the strength given, to do what He daily assigned me. During the year I have made over two thousand calls, my time being almost equally divided between two church fields, Ravenswood and Hyde Park. I have endeavored to enter fully into the sympathies, disappointments, successes and anxieties of the people, and have reason to believe my work has been appreciated and fruitful under the blessing of God.

Many a night I have sat a lonely watcher at the bedside, administering the doses sometimes every half hour, but

I think the longest night I ever spent was when I stayed with a heart-broken father and mother, and at midnight knelt with them beside the remains of a darling boy and prayed that the Comforter might come into their sad hearts, and that strength be given for the last sad trial. A week from the following Sabbath both father and mother came to church, and soon united with it. Only a week ago last Saturday night I watched at the bedside of one of our dear little scholars. About 3 a. m., she said, "Miss Speer, sing for me." I asked her if I should sing one of our Sabbath-school songs. She answered, "yes, any one," so I sang softly two verses of the Shepherd psalm. Then she asked me to sing one verse of No. 44, "How blest the man whose trespass," etc., and then "Children, come," which I was almost afraid to begin for fear she might answer "I come, I come," before I had finished. She is still lingering, and we hope she will yet be spared. Several times I have helped straighten up the house and clean the children—when the mother was sick, and once I called to see a sick lady and found her trying to scrub the floor. I felt that it was simply practical christianity to offer to finish it, and after a little hesitancy on her part, she was glad to let me proceed.

The city missionary becomes a sort of common property. Every one seems to have a claim on her, and to have the utmost confidence in her. Even those who did not agree in faith were not indifferent towards me, and some insisted on my calling often. One lady, in whose salvation I was quite interested, and to whom I had talked freely and very plainly, said to me, "Miss Speer, I want you to know that we think just as much of you as the people over at the church do." I hope it was not so much my person as the cause I represented that

made the impression. Another lady, to whom I was introduced not long since, remarked, "I believe we have met before. You called at my door one day. I thought I should never forget your face." I thought, can it be that I have reflected the face of Jesus, which I long to do, and that was what struck her? For I believe that if we could live and act so that people could see Christ in us the world would soon be converted. Let us let our light shine, even though it is small. God can use it, perhaps, in saving a soul, and who can well estimate the value of one soul? In our work we have just one theme, "Salvation *only* through Christ". To those who say they are liberal and broad in their religious belief we suggest the danger of becoming too broad to enter the narrow way. We can be no broader than Christ and be saved. To those who intimate that we are behind the times because we believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, and that Cain must have married his mother (if they were the only people on the earth at that time), and that the world and all that it contains were created in six days, we simply remark that nothing is impossible with our God.

We do not antagonize or enter into a controversy in regard to denominational differences, believing it is the right of all individuals to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences when enlightened by the Word of God. We advocate thoroughly the necessity of accepting the Bible as a whole, believing it, whether we understand it or not, and of confessing Christ by uniting with the church. When asked about the church I represent, I reply, "Come and see. You will receive a hearty welcome there." You can better imagine than I can describe our feelings sometimes, when we go up to church, Sabbath morning, expecting to see some

results of the week's work and find that the new scholars do not materialize, and those who promised to attend our services disappoint us. However, I made up my mind before I began this work not to get discouraged, because I do not believe the Lord can use a discouraged worker, and I wanted Him to use me as it pleased Him. I can say I have never been discouraged, but for awhile I confess disappointments went hard with me. You know it is hard to get used to and be reconciled to them. But ever since I learned to spell disappointments with a capital H, I can bear them quite gracefully. It took some years for me to learn, having been in the old school so long, but practice makes perfect, they say, and I know I have been perfectly happy since I can see God's hand in every little event in my every-day life, and know that it is His will that I should do the little things, though willing to do greater, that His name might be glorified and His kingdom advanced.

I feel that I have very imperfectly impressed upon you what I intended to at the beginning—the importance of doing what you can for Christ, not for your own personal advancement or the glory of some of His disciples or ministers, but for Christ Himself. Do not allow servants to do all your work for Him, but, like Mary, render personal service. If you cannot go to Egypt or India, or even actively engage in Home mission work, you can show your love for Christ and be just as obedient to the command, "Go ye," and just as loyal to the Master as those who go, if you pray and give for the spread and support of the gospel and do what you can "where God has placed you." And your reward will be just as great.

The life of a city missionary is a solitary and lonely one, speaking from a worldly standpoint. Since I have been

in the work I have only met one young lady who was engaged in the same work, and she was one of our own missionaries who was working for awhile in an adjoining field. Only those who have had some experience can feel interested in us and our work, and know how to sympathize with us in our trials and difficulties. The kind words of appreciation and the assurance that God will own and bless what is done in His name are what comfort and encourage us. We rejoice *more* exceedingly perhaps, when we see the fruit of our labor, but we have learned to "rejoice always," knowing that the one who does the sowing does not always do the reaping.

Dear friends, I hope you will often think of us, and when you think breathe a prayer for the solitary sower of the seed, and thus you will help us in our work and share in the reward hereafter, while all the glory shall be given to God.

It is needless for me to tell you that Chicago is a great field for missionary efforts. With a population of over one and a half millions, almost equal to that of the states of Kansas and Colorado combined, composed chiefly of people who are un-American, unchristian and, I was going to say, uncivilized, it seems to me the safety of our nation depends upon Christian activity, not only in Chicago but in all our great cities, if it is to be saved from utter ruin. The enemy has concentrated his forces in the cities, which are the centers from and which he can, through political influences, gain and manipulate the reins of government in the State and nation. Think of Chicago alone being able to control, we might say, the States of Kansas and Colorado! With her six thousand saloons and the thousands and thousands of other places that exist only to destroy, it is plain to be seen that, while there is a great deal being done to

christianize, there is vastly more being done to heathenize the people. It seems there never was a time when greater efforts were being put forth to evangelize the world. Our missionaries are in every land and the Bible is printed in almost every language, and yet it seems the influences were never more adverse to Christ and the church than at the present time. A mighty spiritual conflict seems imminent, indeed is already on—and in this conflict every soldier of the cross is expected to do his and her whole duty. It is to be hoped there will be no deserters or traitors in the United Presbyterian company, which now occupies a very important position in this grand Christian army. The young people are now to the front and bravely pushing forward, determined on victory or death.

A few weeks ago, in Chicago, when the enemy crossed our lines in spite of the noble resistance of the W. C. T. U., and took possession of the pulpit from which to hurl his bombs of infidelity into our ranks, no hotter shot was fired than that from the platform of the Central Y. M. C. A., between 12 and 1 o'clock, from a United Presbyterian, Prof. W. W. White, when he dared to assert that he who is styled the greatest thinker of the age simply does not know any thing as he ought to know. O, for men who will dare to preach the truth of God, whether the people in the pews are pleased and comfortable or not! It is certainly a great deal better that they suffer a few pangs of conscience here than to be on the wrong side of the gulf in the world to come, though I presume some of those very smart people we have met think they can bridge it or find some way of crossing. While they talk as though they didn't mind going to perdition they don't expect to remain there, because, they say, God is so much

more just and merciful than earthly parents, and they would not torture their children everlastingly.

I regret to say that there are certain ministers in Chicago who are deluding the people and who are making infidels, agnostics, and all the other 'tics, by preaching to them the religion of humanity, instead of the religion of Jesus Christ, which is the only religion that saves. The idea of blood being shed for their sins is repulsive to some. They wouldn't be so mean as to lay their sins on some one else—they will answer for their own sins. Others are "doing the best they can," and tell you they don't go to church or read the Bible because it is not fit to be read, etc., but they observe the golden rule and would almost make you believe they are saints on earth.

Such are some of the influences of these ministers, which the city missionary has tried to *counteract*.

It is gratifying to know that our own church is taking a leading part in the reformation of Chicago. We have now six churches there, and they are by no means asleep, as you will have noticed in the reports through the church papers, but are, on the contrary, standing steadfast, unmovable, abounding in the work of the Lord. And their influence is being felt in every community for the observance of the Sabbath and the removal of all the evils which demoralize, and hinder the progress of christianity. Pray for us that we become not weary until the enemy of the soul shall be compelled to surrender and that He whose right it is to rule shall be enthroned in every heart.

SAINT BLESSING.

By S. E. S.

(Published as a leaflet by the General Literature committee of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, Lutheran Church, 2319 Maryland ave., Baltimore, Md.)

IT was an August afternoon, and Miss Penelope Blessing sank back wearily in a low split-bottomed chair on the east porch. It was so cool and pleasant there.

The wind tossed the curling locks from her forehead; the great elms fluttered their leaves: the perfume of the second bloom of the honeysuckle stole in from the trellis close by. Who would not feel rested and cool and good tempered?

But Miss Penelope looked worried, perplexed, burdened. True, this was a busy season. She was the only daughter in a busy household; in fact the only woman in the family; for the mother had folded her hands to rest fifteen years ago, made old before her time by many cares.

Penelope had had ambitions. She had eagerly picked up all the books within reach; she had taken all the "schooling" the little country school provided; after that she had begged her father to let her go to the normal school forty miles away; and then, with her moderate store of knowledge, had started out to teach. How she loved it! and the scholars all loved her. Even the rough boys, whom the master preceding had found unmanageable, respected the gentle little woman. "Couldn't treat *her* mean," said one. "She always treats a teller like as if he really was somebody, and she b'lieved in him."

So Miss Penelope went on with dreams of her mission, and with half-formed plans of a college course, when the scant salary saved should reach the hundreds. Then came the mother's illness, and Penelope without a murmur gave up her

school; the work, her birthright; the daily intercourse with the scholars, her greatest pleasure; and became instead housekeeper, nurse, cook, and general manager, realizing only then how unceasing had been her mother's labor of love.

At last the patient invalid life was exchanged for the

"Peace eternal abiding"
* * * * *
Over the Stars."

This was fifteen years ago.

The farmer had grown old. Now a man of seventy, he was obliged to give up the hardest part of the out-door work to his two stalwart sons. Although over thirty, they had not married. "Never could find a wife like Penelope," said they both. And our brave little woman, when she heard this remark and felt by glance and word how necessary she was to the home circle, *did* take a little comfort to herself and believed her life was not wasted, although its course had been so different from that mapped out in her days of "dreams."

Miss Penelope did not let household cares occupy all her thoughts. She interested herself in the church, the Chautauqua Circle, and looked after the needy or downcast in the neighborhood; but her especial work seemed to be the missionary society. Even though shut in, in a measure, to a quiet country life, knowledge of her had spread over that part of the State, and, to her complete astonishment, she had been unanimously chosen president of the auxiliaries of that locality.

"O, I can never undertake the responsibility," she said tremblingly, when this honor was thrust upon her.

"We will all help you, Miss Blessing," said the presiding officer *pro tem*.

Miss Penelope felt as if she wanted to run away and cry, but she could not—that would be so weak and *womanish*;

so she hesitatingly yielded, thinking: "This may be the work sent me. I have asked to be directed."

The following months proved Miss Penelope had found her sphere. The members all loved her. They felt she led them to sweet communion in prayer: that she was indeed their counsellor and friend.

The presiding officer was in earnest when she said: "We will all help you, Miss Blessing." *She* kept her word; others did, too; but many, although they meant to be helpers and really thought they were, shirked duty. They couldn't think of doing this or that; others were so much more competent; and, doubtless these retiring creatures thought such humility was commendable.

In four weeks was to occur a public missionary meeting in a neighboring city. It was especially desired that this should be carefully planned, so that not only stimulus and enthusiasm should be given to the workers, but that certain cold and uninterested congregations might be awakened to the needs of the hour. An inviting program had been prepared, and persons selected who could admirably carry out the same. This done, one might suppose it was the turn of the President to fold her hands and have a little rest. Alas, no! These gifted women were preferring to bury their talents. How carefully they were wrapping them up in the snowy white covering of apparent modesty or timidity or home-industry!

Number One wrote she never could speak in public. She forgot how earnestly she had discoursed on the beauty of her stock of goods at the last bazar.

Number Two, a young lady of character and ability—in fact, the President of the home society—replied she really could not speak on that subject; she had just been off at seashore for a month and

found so much to do at home on her return, besides looking after her Sunday-school class. She forgot there were two sisters and a mother to assist with the social and domestic duties, so that she might possibly manage to snatch a few moments daily for thinking about the little part asked by that self-denying president.

Number Three pleaded the unexpected presence of an invalid aunt, which necessitated anxiety and nursing, so that she could not possibly be present. She did not stop to remember that she might prepare the paper while sitting by the sleeping invalid, and send it on for some one with a voice (but, perhaps, without this lady's ready pen and experience in this particular work on which she had been asked to furnish some ideas) to read at the coming meeting. Miss Penelope discovered later that the invalid aunt had gone away restored to health two weeks before the meeting.

Number Four, who had been spending the summer in the mountains, while her husband boarded in town and came to her every Saturday and stayed until Monday, responded that she had just returned home and her husband was not willing to spare her for the missionary meeting which lasted *two days*.

Number Five, who had been asked to lead a devotional service, waited six weeks before replying to Miss Penelope's polite note. Then she wrote she could not think of doing *such* a thing!

Do you wonder our good woman felt perplexed as she sat on the cool porch that August afternoon?

"I should never have been President," she said to herself. "It was all a mistake. I must resign and let one who has tact to persuade people to help take my place."

Just at this moment the gate clicked and a young girl of eighteen came up

the path and threw herself down at Miss Penelope's feet.

"Dear Miss Blessing, you look troubled. Can I help you?" and the tender brown eyes looked up sympathetically into the clear gray eyes of the older woman.

"No, my dear, I'm only a little perplexed and feel sad that the helping hand is sometimes drawn back and shut up very tight. Tell me about your afternoon. That will smooth the wrinkled brow."

"I have been off to the woods below the farm, and found the loveliest spot,—a little rustic seat with mosses, ferns and wild flowers about, and, through an opening in the trees, a view of the river and mountains beyond. Do you know where I mean?"

"O yes, father made that bench and put it there for me when I was just about your age;" and the gray eyes took on a far-away look.

"O tell me, Miss Blessing," said the young girl impulsively, "did you ever love to *dream* in those days?"

"Yes, dear," quietly answered the patient woman. "I hadn't very much time for idle thought, but to that spot in the woods I used to sometimes steal away on a summer afternoon and think of all I should like to accomplish in the coming years. Ah me! my life has been so different."

"Won't you tell me about it?" pleaded May.

Miss Penelope hesitated. She did not often speak of herself, but her heart had been wonderfully drawn to this delicate orphan girl who was spending several months on the farm. May Wharton was the niece of an old school-mate long settled in the city, but who did not forget her friend of twenty years ago, and, when looking for a healthful summer home for her niece, thought of Miss

Blessing—how loving would be her care of this young girl. Miss Penelope had never before added summer boarders to her many cares, but when she heard of May she felt she should like to *mother* her. In the following weeks the two had been drawn very close to each other and now, as the girl begged for the story of Miss Penelope's life, the older woman felt she would like to please her little friend; so she simply told the happenings of an unselfish life. At the close tears stood in the girl's eyes.

"Dear Miss Blessing, I know this story will make me a better woman. It is a rare privilege to have been a 'blessing' not only in name but in purpose and deed. Did you never feel discontented or murmur at the overthrow of all your loved plans?"

"Yes, sometimes I felt discouraged, but I tried to constantly recall this verse:

'Even Christ pleased not himself'.

The young girl said nothing more, but as she left Miss Penelope, caressingly put her arm about her and gave her a loving kiss.

Ah! Miss Penelope, had you known it, even on this quiet summer afternoon you were influencing a young life, which later would do the very work you had hoped

to do and thus mould many other lives.

The date for the missionary meeting arrived. Some faithful substitutes had been found to take the parts of Miss Penelope's disheartening correspondents; the latter, only, had been the losers; the former gained in more ways than one. It was a precious season of communion and strengthening; of enlightenment as to ways and means; of social pleasure and real enjoyment which come from mutual intercourse of noble, earnest women.

Miss Penelope and May talked it all over; and May said merrily: "I just believe you'll make a missionary president out of me, too; but then I'll never be half as good. I wonder if one must be a *saint* first. I'd be inclined to 'blow up' those never-ready-to-do people—the *sponges*, who are content to simply imbibe—never to give out."

"But, dear Saint Blessing," she continued, growing more serious, "this has been a precious summer for me. I'm going away a better girl, I hope. You have led me to want to have a purpose in life—to want to uplift others—to want to make better the lives which I may touch. God will help me, I'm sure; for I have chosen your motto:

'Even Christ pleased not himself.'

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY JEANNETTE C. ALTER.

"Out of the darkness of night,
The world rolls into the light—
It is daybreak everywhere."

AND to many of our Indians this blessed dawn is ushering in a day of better things, while others with feet trammelled by superstitious customs of the past, and by the pernicious influences of the present time, catch only the reflection of this light that has not yet risen upon their horizon. And yet with what

tardy and reluctant feet are the children of light responding to the cry of this people for light, *more light*. The blighting curse of drink is hanging like a pall over them, and they who realize no sense of responsibility toward humanity declare this people a doomed race. Brother, sister, in the light of God's word, *can* we believe this?

Then with Christ's love and pity reach-

ing out through our hearts, let us join hands with the faithful missionaries who are trying to turn this dark current of destruction and are preparing the ground for systematic temperance work.

It has been generally supposed that reservation lines protect the Indians from the whisky-trader, and that only when the rights of citizenship have been granted him does he straightway fall into the "black flood" of intemperance. But dark, sad chapters in their past history have been revealed, and to those who read between the lines, whisky, from the hand of the white man, has always played an important part.

During an evening entertainment at the mission last winter this fact was reproduced in pantomime, and needed no interpretation to the Indian audience who witnessed it. The first scene dimly revealed a disreputable-looking white man skulking in the rear of the darkened stage. Some one passes, and he crouches further away into the gloom. Presently an Indian crosses the stage, and the second scene shows the too-well-known parley between the tempter and tempted, with the usual result; and the tempted one is just about to raise the black bottle to his lips when an Indian brother, one of our loyal temperance men, appears and dashes it away, whereupon the tempter, an emissary of Satan, recoils, and disappears into his natural element, darkness.

God bless the temperance cause among the Indians. It has only just begun its rescue work among them, and the awakening that has come to our own mission is an earnest of still greater things yet to come in other tribes. The pitiable reports that are constantly coming to us from those who are enchained by this drink habit reveal to us many years of lost opportunity.

One of our older Indians said, as he

took the solemn pledge, "If this could have reached us long ago the flood of intemperance would not have swept so many of our race down to ruin. Only remnants of once powerful tribes remain—gone, lost, because of drink." An Indian recently pointed out a famous camping-ground, where a battle had been waged between two great tribes. "And where are they now?" I asked. "Ah! all gone. Too much whisky!" was the laconic reply. They had gone down before the greatest foe that ever assailed them.

To our faithful little mission band in Oregon the thought of the many friends who are interested in this movement, and the knowledge that they, too, have a work in reclaiming others, has an uplifting and abiding force, and it has brought into life and action noble qualities that had been latent in the hearts of this conservative race. We had taught temperance to them on every occasion, and if their hearts were stirred no sign of emotion was betrayed in their stoical faces. Our Christian Indians did not generally drink, but expressed merely an apathetic interest in the subject; but when a practicable plan of temperance work was before them, they recognized in it something tangible, an outstretched hand in a time of great need, and their hearts responded to the thrill of sympathy that should make us all one in this great work. And with this awakening came sad revelations from hearts that had been living under the shadow of the drink curse. There is not a family in the tribe that has not in some way suffered from the bites of this serpent. They take the pledge with that degree of caution resulting from years of unsuccessful dealing with their white neighbors, and only two out of the entire number (136) have been known to violate the pledge.

There came to one of our meetings a woman whose hard face showed an une-

qual struggle with sin. Some helping hand led her to the place. With a defiant laugh she announced that she would take no pledge. I approached her, but she shook me off, saying, "Whisky has never hurt me." "Has it ever hurt your friends?" The laugh died quickly out of her face. The question had probed to a wounded heart. Then I said, "This pledge contains a promise to help others to a better life. Do you want your children to follow in your footsteps?" She took the pledge and life took on a new

meaning; and because of her loved ones she was taking her own first step upward toward light and purity. This thought seems to permeate and control the workers, and they are reaching out helping hands to other tribes, and the heaven is slowly and silently doing its work. The Lord has surely set His seal of approval on this movement, and let us pray that the feet of this oppressed people may be guided into the full day of Christian light and freedom.

Perry, Kansas

BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

[OLD BUT EVER NEW]

"A stranger preached last Sabbath,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon,
With a barbarous sounding name.

'Twas all about some heathen
Thousands of miles afar,
Who lived in a land of darkness,
Called Borrioboola Gha.

"So well their wants he pictured
That when the plate was passed
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast,
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carried light and comfort
To Borrioboola Gha.

"That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll;
'Till something caught my mantle,
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder
I saw a little child.

"A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
'What could she want?' I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
'We live just down the street,
And mammy she's a-dying,
And we've nothing left to eat.'

"Down in a narrow basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls—

Where cold and want and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow creature
Gasping her life away.

"A chair, a broken table,
A bed of broken straw,
A hearth all fireless,
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show;
Oh, never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe!

"The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread
The squalid group that huddled
Around that dying bed.
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in land afar;
Was I suddenly transported
To Borrioboola Gha?

"Oh, no! the poor and wretched
Were close beside my door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas, the cold and hungry,
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

"There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands His servant
Through all the world to go,
Not only to the heathen,
This was his charge to them;
'Go preach the Word, beginning
First at Jerusalem!'

"Oh, Christian, God has promised
Whosoe'er to His has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in Heaven;

'Would you secure the blessing?
You need not seek it far,
Go find in yonder hovel
A Borrioboola Gha."

—*Tidings.*

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

RAMLE, EGYPT, August, 1896.

EDITORS MAGAZINE:

Most of the missionaries are here at Ramle now, enjoying their rest, and it is a delightful change from the upper country, where the heat is intense. Here we have the cool, bracing sea-breezes and an opportunity for sea-bathing, which we enjoy very much. Then, too, Ramle is a beautiful place. The mission buildings are very plain and simple, but are made very beautiful with flowers and vines. It is enjoyable to have so many of the missionaries together; we do indeed seem much like one large family. Misses Smith, Kyle, Hogg, Buchanan, Finney and myself have been keeping house, and we have enjoyed it very much. I have now been in Egypt eight months. It hardly seems possible that it can be that long. I have been busy, and the work has been pleasant. The hardest work of the new missionary is to patiently wait, for one sees so much need and feels so helpless; but being able to teach a little English helps one to feel that she is not wholly useless. Of course the principal thing which occupies our attention during waking hours, and sometimes while we sleep, too, is the Arabic, and it is truly a giant of difficulty. But some time, by patience and perseverance, with God's blessing, I hope to overcome.

We are rejoicing greatly at the prospect of getting such a nice large party of new missionaries this fall. I am sure we who were new last year will gladly give up the place of new missionaries to have it so well filled. I hope India, too, will

get the much-needed reinforcements for the work there.

The women's presbyterial missionary meeting was held the 31st of July and the first day of August. We had a helpful meeting. It was very interesting, for we learn much of each other's work and it is an inspiration to sit and listen to the older ones as they tell of the work, and it makes one long to be able to help. But as the secretary will send a report to the MAGAZINE, I will not write any more about it. We have been called to mourn the loss of another of our pastors, Rev. Iscarose, of Benoub. He died of cholera, the 29th of July. It seems very sad, as this is the second pastor who has been called from us this year. Another case which seemed very sad to me was the death of one of my teachers, the third of August, from the same dread disease. He was a Junior in college, and at the close of school this summer had come to the delta to teach a year. He was an earnest Christian and expected to enter the seminary when he finished his college course, but his work was finished sooner than he had planned and he has entered into his reward.

Now I think I shall tell you of some visits I made in company with Miss Smith, here in Ramle. Of course she did the talking and reading, as I am not yet equal to that. It was on Sabbath morning, and we went first to a house where some Syrians lived. There were a number of women about the stairway, but only two came in to listen, while Miss Smith read and explained to them a portion of scripture. These listened

very attentively. After prayers we went down stairs to what seemed to be a part of the same house, occupied by two or three Mohammedan families. We found some of the women washing, but they quit their work and showed me into the best room, which had two or three mats spread on the ground and a kind of bed at one side. A baby was lying on the floor asleep. They kindly put a comfort on the floor for us to sit on, then sat down on the floor beside us and offered us some pumpkin seeds to eat. As Miss Smith read and explained the scriptures to them one woman would sometimes answer, "Of course," other times she would enter into a little discussion. After prayer we went to another house, just a few steps away, where Miss Smith had held a Sabbath-school last summer. Here we found a man and several women. One woman was sick, and Miss Smith, who always carries some simple remedies, gave her a dose of medicine, but she spit it out and wouldn't take any more. Again the scripture was read and explained, and they listened quite attentively. At the next house we visited we found the woman with her baby in her arms. She said the woman upstairs wished us to come up there, and told us to go up a stairway on the outside, while she would climb up a ladder, as her husband would be angry with her if she went outside. So we went up and found the woman a poor little crippled Italian, and as she did not understand the Arabic the other woman who understood a little Italian translated for her, though she was a Mohammedan and it seemed so strange for a Mohammedan to translate the gospel. The woman to whom she translated was a Roman Catholic.

In the next house we found a number of women gathered together, one telling the fortunes of the rest. She had a

white cloth on the floor, on which she had put a loaf of bread, which is much like a pancake. Over this was a sieve, and on this she had a handful of beans and some other things with them. These she would toss up, after saying over them some words; then profess to tell fortunes by the way they fell. Miss Smith told her that was not a good way to do, but she said, "O, yes, it is; every body has fortunes told." We sat and waited awhile then Miss Smith said, "It is no use to read God's word; this is better (?) "whereupon the woman of the house said "No," and immediately proceeded to put the things away. Then they sat down and listened. This woman always seems to listen gladly, and the next Sabbath remembers and tells what was read the Sabbath before.

This is a sample of the house to house or "hareem" work.

All the homes visited, except those of the Syrian women and the Italian woman, were those of Mohammedans. So you see there are some of them who are willing to listen to the gospel, and we are praying that the Master may hasten the time when they shall all learn to love the Saviour, whom they now hate.

Your Sister in Christ

ADELLE MCMILLAN.

SIALKOT, INDIA, }
August 10, 1896. }

EDITORS MAGAZINE:

Our summer season of work is drawing to a close and we shall soon be off for our rest and recreation. Every week in August sees some of us and the rest of us will soon be going too. Miss Embleton and I have just returned from seeing two of the Cashmere party started, Misses White and Lawrence. Misses Logan and R. M. Gordon join them on the way, and these four will represent us this year in the "Happy Valley." The

Valley is said to be fuller this year than ever before. It is a favorite resort for English people from many parts of India, but of course especially from the Punjab. Equipped with a small stock of provisions which are to be supplemented by what one can obtain on the spot, the visitor spends a happy, free out-door life in a lovely climate, with most beautiful surroundings, and returns to his work with a renewed supply of health and vigor.

Of our summer's work, what we consider the most interesting and important part was our summer bible school for the workers and their wives. These have become an annual feature in all the districts, so far as it is possible to have them. They have been held this summer in nearly all the stations. We have not been able to have one in this station for several years, because since my father has been put into the theological seminary, he has his hands more than full with that all summer. But Mr. Anderson very kindly came to the rescue and offered to come and help us when he should be through with his own summer school. We very gratefully accepted his kind offer, and we had a very pleasant and, we feel sure, profitable month's work. Mr. Anderson had the men who could read, and Rev. I. D. Shahbaz the men who could not. Miss Embleton had the women who could not read and I had the ones who could. The classes were held in the forenoon, and there was a meeting every evening, usually a conference at which subjects of practical interest were discussed. For days the Rev. Ihsan Ullah was here conducting a series of meetings whose special object was prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The girls from the boarding-school were at all the meetings, and the boys from the training institute at the other compound were at as many meetings as

they could attend. Then, besides the workers from the district, a number of others attended. There was not nearly enough room to seat all of them on benches, so all the seats were taken out except a few chairs, and the audience packed as closely as possible on the floor. The building we use for a church is, you know, the city boys' school building, and there are class-rooms around the most of the main room, with a veranda in front. After the main room had been packed, the side rooms about the doors leading into the main room and the veranda were also filled. The crowd was in itself an inspiration.

Perhaps you can imagine how cheering a sight it was to see so many of the people of this country, for whom we have been working and praying so long, collected together and all earnestly intent on the one purpose. And to most of the people it was a revelation to see so many Christians gather together. They had not realized before the power christianity is becoming in this country. Most of them in their various places of work live more or less isolated lives, where the few Christians have seemed so insignificant in comparison with the vast numbers of heathens. And, of course, that is true. Large as this crowd looked to us, whose eyes are unaccustomed to such sights in this country, they were very few compared to the population even of this one city. But Christianity is gaining recognition, and so far as the Christians are filled with the Spirit will become a power, and we were all permitted to realize something of this at these meetings. And we did receive a rich blessing. The Rev. Ihsan Ullah is a thoroughly consecrated man, full of the Spirit and of power, and has been wonderfully used of God among his fellow-countrymen. Our Christians are beginning to realize what blessing they

may receive through the power of the spirit. It was cheering and heartwarming to hear them speak at the close of some of the meetings of their joy and gratitude at being able to be present at such meetings, of how cold and dead they had been before, and how much they had missed the privilege of God's children. And they were all helped, very much helped. There were some very marked changes, and the impress of the meetings all through the school and of the teaching will, we are sure, never be lost. I should like to tell you of some of the persons in whom the change was most marked, but I should not have time.

Owing to several circumstances which I cannot explain at length, Mr. Anderson had no easy task when he began, and he succeeded in a remarkable way in winning the men and in bringing

them out. We are all very grateful to him for his help.

We had a precious and enjoyable communion service while they were here, and one evening at the last was given up to social enjoyment. The last meeting was an especially helpful one. The speaker talked very earnestly on the necessity of living the Christ life through the aid of the Holy Spirit. And so they went back to their villages and to their work better fitted for it, and feeling that it had been good for them to be here; and we felt that we too had been helped and had an enjoyable month's work. We shall realize the benefit of it more fully next winter, when we make our tour through the district and see the increased efficiency and greater interest of the workers.

Very sincerely yours,
M. R. MARTIN.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

BY MRS. MARY B. REID.

THE foreign mails have failed to bring the usual budget of well selected items for this issue of the MAGAZINE. A few echoes, however, have been wafted over concerning the late mid-summer meeting of the Egyptian Association. One says of it:

The meeting held at Ramleh, which is just over, was one of the most enjoyable we have ever attended.

Another repeats almost the same words, and adds:

A deep feeling of spirituality seemed to rest upon the hearts of all present.

Still another echo says:

There was great gladness and rejoicing over the good news of such large reinforcements this year, and the evening exercises of the day were set apart for a special praise service.

Much new work was talked of, even to making an advance movement on the Soudan. There was the usual difficulty in locating the new missionaries, as there

are so many places needing more helpers, but all were unanimous that the two medical missionary women should be located in the Delta, which is the stronghold of Mohammedanism.

Through the beneficent work of Dr. Anna Watson and Dr. Caroline C. Lawrence it is hoped the gospel may gain an entrance to houses which have hitherto rejected every offer of the truth.

Cholera still prevails to some extent in Egypt, and it is probable that the opening of schools has been somewhat delayed because of it. There is no doubt but that proper care and precaution are almost sure defences against the dread disease.

Latest word from India reported the most of the missionaries off on vacation among the hills, and seemingly out of

reach of mails.

Before this number of the MAGAZINE reaches its readers, the out-going missionary party of this year will be well on its way across the Atlantic. The names of the new missionaries are as follows: Rev. Geo. A. Sowash and wife, Rev. W. H. Reed and wife, Rev. Osborn Crowe and wife, Rev. Robt. R. McClure, Miss Josephine Martin, Miss Kate A. Hill, Miss Cora Dickey, Dr. Anna Watson and Dr. Caroline C. Lawrence.

Miss Emma D. Anderson returns to her former field, India.

The young women all go out supported by the women of the church through the Women's Board. Let us remember all of these dear friends at the throne of grace. They go out as our workers, and much of their success depends upon the prayers of the people in the homeland. Let us not fail to do our part in bringing the world to Christ.

OUR JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Junior Missionary Societies.

Many of the societies in our city churches take a vacation of two or three months during the warm weather, but the time has come when all should be at work again. During our vacation we have gained new ideas and new methods of how to interest the least of His with our hearts full of love for Him who said "suffer the little ones," and with a more intense desire to obey His command, "Go ye," our work should be taken up with renewed interest. Those who attended the Erie convention, or who have read the annual report of the W. G. M. S., know of the blessing which came to our work during the past year. Forty-three new societies were organized, 1812 new members received, and the contributions amounted to \$4,113.90.

Is this not great encouragement to us to push forward this work during the present year? Six new societies have been reported since the convention, and constitutions have been sent out to others wishing to organize.

During the month of July a circular letter was sent to the presbyterial secretaries, stating the condition of the work at present and the new work to be undertaken. This doubtless has been imparted to the congregational societies

under their care. The special work assigned last year of erecting a school building at Prairie Bluff, Ala., seemed to meet with a good degree of favor, and in response to many requests for another special work the General convention recommended the endowment of a child's bed in Jhelum Hospital, India, under the care of Dr. Sophie Johnson. This will require six hundred dollars, and it will be called the Juniors' bed.

The convention also recommended the publishing of a missionary paper for the Juniors just as soon as two thousand subscribers are assured. Will superintendents please canvas their societies and notify us as to the number of subscribers? Only a few societies have been heard from. This paper is not for Junior missionary societies alone, but for all union societies, as it will be brim-full of missionary news and helpful in the mission studies. No money should be sent until further notified. The subscription price will be 15 cts. a year, per single copy, or 10 cents in clubs of ten or more.

Junior superintendents will soon receive thank-offering boxes from the thank-offering secretary. It is the desire of the W. G. M. S. that every Junior in the church should have a part in the \$75,000 to be raised this year, and it

recommended that the thank-offering of the Juniors be reported separately, hoping thereby to awaken a greater interest. You say, dear Junior cadet, that all this means extra work. Yes, it means work, but it will pay you to do it. It

has been said that nothing is more conducive to the building up of the spiritual life of a child than actual mission work. Then let us not grow weary, since we are promised such great results.

Ingram, Pa.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

The Return of the Talents.

BY W. A. PAXSON.

(This recitation is for an entertainment given by the Junior Missionary Society. Some time before, a nickel is given to each member of the society with the request that each one employ the money as he or she thinks best, returning the proceeds at this entertainment.)

We have each received a measure,
Which we should with greatest pleasure
Do our very best to double and improve;
Those with one the same as ten,
When the Master comes again,
Should report their talents doubled through his love.

Now we hope to hear to-night
From those with faces bright
How the little talents given were improved;
And if they have used them well,
We hope to hear them tell
How they labored, how they prospered, how they loved.

How the little feet have pattered;
How the girls the dishes clattered;
How the little merchants learned to buy and sell;
How the little gardens grew,
Busy maidens learned to sew:
Little workers for the Master doing well.

And when He comes again,
To act as judge of men,
All these little gifts will sure remembered be;
And He'll say that "Inasmuch
As ye did it unto such
As these my little ones, ye did it unto me."

Jamestown, O., Junior Missionaries.

Friday evening, Sept 4th, our missionary Juniors gave an entertainment in the church. The program consisted mainly of missionary recitations, interspersed with singing. Four little girls greatly pleased the audience with a dialogue, "How Some Little Dollies Came to Go as Missionaries." One of the members read a brief history of the society. It

was organized nearly nine years ago, under the name of "Willing Workers," and undertook the work of raising money to buy a church bell to replace the one ruined in the tornado of 1884.

Two years ago they were reorganized under the new Junior constitution prepared by the W. G. M. S. They placed the sum already gathered, (amounting to nearly \$60) at interest to be used for the purpose designated. They now use their monthly offerings in regular mission work. Last year they gave \$1.00 to the 5th U. P. church, Chicago; \$3.50 to Knoxville College, and \$8.00 to foreign missions. This year they have sent \$2.00 to the Freedmen's farm in Alabama, but expect to work the rest of the year, in connection with the other missionary Juniors of the church, to endow a bed in Memorial Hospital of India.

At the close of the entertainment a little girl recited this collection speech:

"Are you glad you've come here tonight?
Are you pleased with what has met your sight?
Now don't you think you ought to pay
Right well before you go away?
Just hand a little money out,
And that will settle every doubt."

And they handed out all we asked, enough to buy maps of our mission fields in India and Egypt, for which, kind friends, accept our thanks. L. E. P.

Jamestown, O.,

EDITORIAL.

Young People's Meeting at Omaha.

THE Young People's Meeting at Omaha has come and gone, and those in attendance there have doubtless don-

ned their every day clothes and resumed their usual employments; but the wave of influence started then shall reach on and on, ever widening, until the "utter-

most ripple laps the shores of eternity." Not only those who attended, but those who remained at home, are being stimulated to nobler and better work. Those whose eyes have seen, whose ears heard, whose hearts have felt the throb of that meeting can never go back to where they were before. The scales have fallen from many eyes. "Whereas I was blind now I see" the path of duty, hear the Saviour's voice, and realize the extent of earth's woes and the compassion of heaven's love as never before. Dear MAGAZINE reader, I wish you could have been there. A fuller report than could be given to date of going to press last month was promised for this issue. From observation and other sources, we give the following:

The convention, a gathering of young members of the United Presbyterian churches of North America, is in the nature of an institute, the study at each session being under the direction of an instructor. The earnestness of effort was evinced by the bending head, the careful attention, the quick, searching question, and these seen in a gathering of thousands of people give some impression of the magnitude of the movement. In singing the voices went out in voluntary and unchecked praise to the Creator of all, the combined voices of so many swelling into a harmonious volume of such power and depth as is seldom heard.

Part of Friday forenoon was devoted to the sectional conferences held in different places in the interest of various departments of the work represented. It was our privilege to attend the

Conference of Missionaries and Volunteers.

This conference was led by Mr. J. G. Hunt, of Allegheny Seminary. It was an informal gathering of laborers in the foreign field, in city work and among the freedmen. After devotional exercises the question as to whether or not

the Church was fulfilling her commission as a missionary agency, Dr. Barr, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Board, said that the Church was not fulfilling her commission, but that she was coming up to it, and that largely through the young people's movement.

Some suggestions were given as to how the missionary spirit could be aroused, and then remarks were made by a number of the workers as to the work in their respective fields. Dr. Alexander spoke for Egypt, Miss Anderson for India, Mr. Cotton for the freedmen, Rev. E. E. Fife, who has been both in the foreign and home field, and Miss Moore, city missionary in St. Louis. Dr. McCague our first missionary to Egypt, spoke on the qualifications for missionary work; Mrs. Dr. Reid, Foreign Secretary of the Woman's Board, spoke on the great call to the Church for missionary work, in both the home and foreign field. The missionaries present were then introduced, and the meeting brought to a close with the benediction by Dr. Alexander. While this conference may not have been so large as some of the others, yet it was one of the most interesting and profitable.

Conference of Junior Workers.

The conference of Junior Workers filled the lecture room of the Kountze Memorial church. Rev. W. I. Wishart, of Allegheny, Pa., was in charge. He kept the meeting moving all the time and made the session most interesting. J. P. Tracy, of Chicago, a member of the General Committee, spoke for a few moments on "Variety in Methods" in Junior work. He spoke very rapidly and threw out a number of helpful hints of the most efficient manner of carrying on the work.

Mrs. T. H. McMichael, of Cleveland, O., was the next speaker, and she drew from her personal experiences in telling of the best way of getting the children to work on committees. Her suggestions in this line covered a wide range and were presented in an interesting manner.

Rev. J. A. Cosby, of Aurora, Ill., spoke on the best methods of keeping up the attendance, and Rev. W. W. Lawrence, of Bellevue, Pa., discussed the theme,

"Teaching the Bible to Juniors."

Mrs. Emma Nichol, of Monmouth, Ill., spoke several moments on the subject, "The Junior Leader's Preparation," giving the result of her own experience in this work and also giving the audience the benefit of her experience in conducting her classes.

Conference on Committee Work.

This was led by Dr. D. F. McGill. The interest manifested in this department was shown by the large number present. Many excellent suggestions were made, both by the leader and others. In his opening remarks, Dr. McGill compared the assembly to a basket picnic, in which each contributes a share toward the entertainment of the occasion. Here are some of the suggestions contributed during this conference.

"The chairman of any committee is responsible for getting it to work." Here are some of the ways he should go about it:

"Have a meeting."

"Call an informal meeting at his home."

"Extend personal invitations."

"Postal cards are good, but personal invitations are better."

"Get acquainted with the members; have the members get acquainted with each other."

"Hold meetings at the time most convenient to the greatest number."

"Delegates go in crowds to sunrise prayer meetings during great conventions; why can they not get together in a committee meeting at home?"

How often should a committee meet?

"At least twice a month—at the beginning of the month to plan work; at its close to make out a report of the work done."

"The chairman should not make out the report alone; or if he makes it out, he should submit it to the whole committee before presenting it to the business meeting."

Who is the chairman of the executive committee?

"The pastor; the Sabbath-school superintendent, if there is no pastor."

Who are its members?

"The officers of the society and the chairmen of committees."

What are its duties?

"Plan new work."

"See that new plans are worked."

"See that written reports are made regularly by the committees."

"Let the pastor stir up the committees."

"If need be, let the committees stir up the pastor."

"Other duties: Bring in new members; reclaim the indifferent; keep the roll in order."

How get new members?

"See them personally; bring them with you; make them feel at home; pray for them."

Where get them?

"In the Sabbath-school; in the world. Do not expect to find them hanging around the church door."

"Take the bait along when you go fishing."

How distribute the work among the members of this committee?

"Divide territory; distribute names; get list from pastor; get names from members; use care in distributing names—one may have more influence over one person than another."

"Every member should be acquainted with every member of the society. Every member should have a roll of the society."

What are the duties of the prayer-meeting committee?

"Prepare subjects." "Meet with leader." "Select leaders." "Be prepared to take any part required in any meeting."

"Speak personally to members to take part." "See that Bible Songs are distributed to the backward and strangers."

"Attend the mid-week prayer-meeting, and take whatever part required." "Meet with leader every week." "Show appreciation of what the timid ones have done."

What are the duties of the Good Samaritan committee?

"Visit the sick and infirm." "Consult with pastor as to where they should go." "Remember especially the convalescent."

Education in the Land Along the Nile.

Rev. John R. Alexander, D. D., of Egypt, addressed the convention briefly but succinctly on "Educational Work in Egypt." He said: The schools are for both boys and girls. When our work

was begun, forty years ago, scarcely a woman in all Egypt could read or write. Now there are 2,600 (2,571) girls in our schools, and thousands of women are being taught in the churches and in the homes. Over fifty female teachers have been trained, and scores and hundreds of wives and mothers, who are examples to all in the care and cleanliness of their persons and their homes, in the training of their children, and in their moral, earnest lives. "The hearts of their husbands do safely trust in them."

About one-fifth of our pupils (229) are Mohammedan children—children of the followers of the false prophet. They read in the Old Testament, in the New Testament, in Scripture Readers, learn the catechism, scripture texts, etc. They are present at chapel exercises in the morning, join in singing the psalms, hear the reading of God's word and Christian prayer. Some attend prayer-meetings, Sabbath school and the church services. Prejudice and bigotry are being slowly broken down, friendliness and confidence are being established, scripture knowledge and Christian truths are being imparted; "faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God."

The superior moral work and moral character of our schools will appear from the fact that the heads of the Post-office and Telegraph departments of the Egyptian government have offered to give positions with salaries to pupils trained in our schools, bearing our certificates, while all other applicants must serve one or two years' apprenticeship. The head of the telegraph department offered to furnish the instruments and teacher if we would but make telegraphy a department of our work. He said they were obliged to dismiss a large number of their clerks who were trained in other schools, during the first five years of their work, for immoral practices, but that they seldom had to dismiss young men trained in our schools for such cause."

Missionary Work in India.

Rev. G. W. Morrison, who has been a missionary in India, for eight years, and who is now in America on a furlough, in speaking of the "Present Need of India" said: "Oh, that I had a silver tongue

that I might make you feel the desperate need for the gospel there is in India. And all who consider her condition write over against India, "Crisis." They need the gospel, and they need it desperately, and they need it now. How shall they get it? India needs money to carry the gospel to her shores. Our church stands well among the churches as regards her contributions for mission work. The average Christian of the United States gives one-tenth of a cent a day to carry the gospel to the heathen. The average United Presbyterian gives one-fifth of a cent. Surely the angels will praise us for that when we come to stand before the great white throne! Will they?

Mrs. Edith L. Peake was for a time an actress. Since her conversion she has been an influential member of one of our churches in San Francisco, and for some time actively engaged in evangelistic services. Her bible-reading on "Separation" was instructive and elicited much interest.

Four of the presidents of previous conventions were in attendance at this convention, namely: Thomas J. Gillespie, of Pittsburg, 1889; McKenzie Cleland, of Chicago, 1890; Chas. P. Campbell, of Chicago, 1894, and John H. Murdock, of Washington D. C., 1895.

No old or middle-aged returned from the convention. If any were there they came home with their youth renewed, and many years younger.

We think all who heard Dr. W. J. Reid on "The Young People's Bible," old and young, will cherish through life greater love for our grand old Bible which is always new, and will be more deeply impressed with its suitableness in the economy of redemption than ever before. In reference to Sabbath-school work, Dr. Reid said:

"In the bottle works at Saratoga the man does not set the the bottles about all over the floor and with a hose throw the water over them, a few drops, it may be falling in each, but he takes the bottles

one by one, by the throat and holds them under the pump until full, and then corks them up. That is Sabbath-school teaching."

This direct method of teaching should be a helpful hint to all our Sabbath school workers.

Giving Contagious.

J. P. Tracy of Chicago was the man that threw down upon the sea of delegates the words that started the waves of enthusiasm, gentle at first and then increasing in force, till they swept the entire convention. He said that this had been the grandest and most magnificent institute he had ever attended. For one he was unwilling to leave that meeting until he had expressed his gratitude to God and shown his determination to have a part in the great mission work. He said that the talks of the missionaries had reached his heart and he could not lie down to sleep without contributing to the aid of their work. For his part he would subscribe \$10 to the fund.

That was a signal for delegates in every part of the house to call out that they would give \$5, \$10 and \$25 for the work. Secretary Duff of Englewood, Ill., read a letter from Miss Kate Corbett, who started a similar movement at the Columbus meeting a year ago. She is now in India and engaged in mission work. She and Miss Campbell, another missionary, sent their greetings to the Omaha meeting, and each enclosed \$10. The names and amounts came in so thick and fast that the secretary, had to work hard to keep up with them. For fifteen minutes these voluntary subscriptions continued to pour in.

After a large number of subscriptions had been received from junior and senior societies and from churches all over the land, Rev. T. A. McMichael, of Cleveland, suggested that the delegates announce the amounts of money they would contribute personally. He said the societies and the churches would subscribe anyway. What he desired to know was the sums the delegates themselves were going to give for the cause of missions. This statement was cordially received, and from then on the time was given up to collecting personal donations and pledges. Giving seemed to be contagious. Of the amount

raised \$670 was in cash and \$5,018 was in the form of pledges. Considering the financial depression existing throughout the country, the officers of the convention feel well satisfied with what was accomplished.

Miss Emma D. Anderson, of Pennsylvania, a former missionary, made a few remarks on the work and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the meeting and its results. This was followed by brief prayers throughout the convention. Then the delegates, having accomplished a good work, arose and sang a psalm, "And when they had sung a hymn they went out."

On the whole the Institute was a good one; and it will have a telling effect not only on the present generation but on generations to come. It was earnest, enthusiastic, uplifting, soul-inspiring, and showed great love for and loyalty to our beloved church. And may the bread cast upon the waters return after many days to the honor and glory of God and to the good of souls! And may future Institutes of our Young People prove a still greater blessing to the continued upbuilding of our Redeemer's kingdom.

Rev. J. R. Alexander, D. D., wife and child, Miss Lulu Giffen, and Miss Anna Duncan sailed from New York for Egypt on the California, of the Cunard Line, on September 12. Doctor Alexander's other children were left in Switzerland during his brief stay in this country. Miss Giffen goes to be with her parents in Cairo, and Miss Anna Duncan to teach in the Training College at Asyoot.

Mrs. Reid, in the Foreign News Budget, gives the names of the new and retiring missionaries who expected to be well on their way to their fields of labor before this number of the MAGAZINE reaches its readers. May these dear friends have the sympathy, support and prayers of every member of the United Presbyterian church.

Newburgh Summer School.

For the second time this school has been held in the beautiful little city on the banks of the Hudson. It opened on the 15th of July and closed on the 5th of August. The average attendance was as large this year, so it was stated, as last, and the interest was as great. Nothing scarcely can exceed the beauty of the situation of the old Associate Reformed Seminary building within which a large number of persons in attendance lodged.

Seminary Hill is simply charming. Newburgh has no other place next to or like it. It commands the finest views of the entire region. In the hottest weather it enjoys a refreshing breeze if any is going. One never tires of gazing down the beautiful river or at the lofty historic ranges on either side. But the members of the summer school were not there to take delight in scenery nor to rehearse historical incidents of Revolutionary times with which Newburgh is intimately associated. An abiding purpose to learn as much as they might from the Bible and of God's ways of grace dominated them, and the great majority gave themselves to study and note-making with an earnestness that well-nigh marked genuine enthusiasm.

The trustees of the Seminary have erected a substantial and attractive building for the school, and accordingly the accommodations are much more pleasant than those offered the school last year. The studies and lectures touched a large number and a great variety of topics, some of them of the most vital importance in our day. But not the least entertaining and profitable exercise were the quiet talks of groups under the fine trees about the seminary, wherein texts of Scripture and serious problems that are pressing for solution in the present age were discussed in familiar and

earnest conversation. Light came to many minds, it cannot be doubted, during those delightful hours. Twice during the term of the school a "Round Table" was held, and questions were answered as best they could be, that all of the class had the liberty of asking.

Wednesday afternoon was left free for outings, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit points of interest. West Point was perhaps the chief attraction, and many spent a pleasant afternoon there. A feature of the school which should not be omitted, for it was the prime feature, was the diligent and self-sacrificing activity of the committee that had the school in charge. The gentlemen who planned everything, who watched over everything even to the minute details, who made it their personal concern that teachers and students alike should be comfortable, whose wise and skilful management prevented annoyance and friction, are worthy of the thanks of all who attended the school.

M.

The *Egyptian Gazette* of August 22nd, make this announcement:

"The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ewing, of the American Mission, are among the passengers leaving this afternoon by the Austrian Lloyd's mail steamer for Trieste.

They proceed through the Continent to England, and thence to the United States of America, for a well deserved holiday, after a continuous residence of over fifteen years in Egypt, and hope to return in the autumn of next year."

Welcome to the voyagers after their long season of service.

Rev. J. A. Morrow and his wife, of Monmouth, will labor under the Women's Board among the Warm Springs Indians. They left their children in Monmouth attending school or college. They are already on the field and should be addressed at Simnasho, Oregon.—*Midland*.

The delegates to the Young People's convention at Omaha were specially pleased with the care taken of them by the committee on entertainment. Upon the chairman, Rev. Edgar MacDill, devolved much of the labor—pleasant duty rather did it seem—of the committee. Mr. MacDill was always to be found whenever anything was to be arranged for the comfort of the delegates.

Those who have read with sorrowful interest Rev. C. Murch's account in our church papers of the massacre at Kutterbul, across the river from Diar Bekir, and of the murder of our own Rev. Anshalian and the terrible ordeal through which his wife and her brothers passed, will be somewhat relieved to learn that she and they have at length arrived safely at Alexandria, Egypt. Rev. R. W. McFarland, writing from Alexandria to the *Christian Intsructor*, says:

"I am glad to inform you and all interested in the widow of the Rev. Girgis Anshalian, that she arrived here a few months ago. They have a number of scars which they received because they were Christians. Their story is a very sad one, but they are happy now that they have gotten out of the land of the Turk. She wishes to be a Bible woman, and will be a good one."

Studies for Missionary Societies for 1896.

DECEMBER.—A Century of Missionary Effort.

Programme for November,

Subject.—Work among the Freedmen and Indians.

Opening devotions, arranged by leader.

TWO SUGGESTIVE PICTURES.

The Negro of the past; here but not by his own choice! Brought by violence—held in servitude—help poor—kept ignorant!

The Negro of the present—freedmen; but freedmen in rags! No education—no implements—no lands—no money!

What is the United Presbyterian church doing for this poor man who "fell among thieves?" Answer to be given in three eight minute papers or talks.

1. Comprehensive view of our work among the

freedmen, number of mission stations, location, &c. &c.

2. Method of work in mission colleges and schools:—Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.; Norfolk Mission College, Norfolk, Va., and the lower grade schools.

3. Agricultural Industrial Training, Prairie Bluff, Alabama.

INDIANS.

The red-men—their condition after more than three centuries contact with white civilization. 10 minutes.

Our mission work at Warm Springs and Simnasho. Encouragements, discouragements, and incentives to duty. 15 minutes.

Roll call. Minutes. Business.

Excerpts from address of Booker T. Washington, in "The Church At Home And Abroad."

"What are some of the conditions in the South that need your urgent help and attention? Eighty-five per cent of my people in the Gulf States are on the plantations in the country districts, where a large majority are still in ignorance, without habits of thrift or economy; are in debt, mortgaging their crops to secure food; paying, or attempting to pay, a rate of interest that ranges between 20 and 40 per cent; living in one room cabins on rented land, where schools are in session in these country districts from three to four months in the year; taught in places, as a rule, that have little resemblance to school-houses. Each colored child in these states has spent on him this year for education about seventy cents, while each child in Massachusetts has spent on him this year for education between \$18 and \$20. What state of morality you may expect when as many as six, eight, and even ten, cook, eat, sleep, get sick, and die in one room, I need not explain." * * * * "But what is the remedy for this condition? It is not practical nor desirable that the North attempt to educate directly all the colored people in the South, but the North can and should help the South educate the strong christian leaders who will go among our people and show them how to lift themselves up. That, that is the great problem before us. Can this be done? If in the providence of God the Negro got any good out of slavery, he got the habit of work." * * * * "Yes, toil is the badge of all his tribe, but the trouble centers here: by reason of his ignorance and want of training he does not know how to utilize the result of his labor." * * * "For three centuries we were taught to depend upon some one else for food, clothing, shelter, and for every move in life, and you cannot expect a race to renounce at once the teaching of centuries without guidance and leadership." * * * * "We are not saying that education in the classics, of ministers, lawyers, and doctors, is not necessary and important, but we are saying, with every atom of our being, that since 90 per cent of the black race depend at present upon the common occupations, and that 85 per cent of our people live by agriculture and are in the country districts of the South, it is of the utmost importance that we supply them as fast as possible with educated leaders with the highest training in agriculture, dairying, horticulture, and the mechanical arts. With us as a race this is a question of growth or decay, life or death." * * * * "Think whence we came. We went into slavery property, we came out citizens; we went into slavery pagans, we came out Christians; we went into slavery without a language, we came out speaking the proud Anglo-Saxon tongue; we went into slavery with the slave chains clanking about our wrists, we came out with the American ballot in our hands. This, this is our past. I ask the church to say what will be our future."

MRS. R. S. FINLEY.

REPORTS, ETC.

Report of Women's Board.

After the usual August vacation thirteen members of the Board of Directors met in regular session September 1st. The opening devotional exercises were led by the president.

Foreign secretary reported the arrangements for the out-going missionaries,—regular and medical, about completed. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a farewell meeting, to be held in Allegheny September 22.

Home secretary reported from St. Louis. Miss Lou Moore had made 186 calls. Miss Teresa Burnett, of Kansas City, Mo., sends her last report from this field for the present. Miss I. M. Brookes, of Alameda, Col., reports 167 calls; attendance 25 on regular meetings; Miss Helen Currie, Oakland, Cal., 93 calls; Miss Eunice Blair, Moline, Ills., sends last report, at present, from this field.

Mr. Speer writes from Simnasho that the schools are about closing for the year. Rev. Morrow appointed to Warm Springs, is enroute to the agency. Miss Black is in charge until Mr. Morrow's arrival.

Freedmen's secretary reports having paid for the school building and teachers room at Camden, Ala. Miss Elizabeth McCahon appointed assistant Bible reader at Knoxville. Bluestone asks that all goods intended for them be sent to Chase City, Va., care of W. M. Fowlkes.

We are sorry to report the continued illness of our Church Extension secretary, consequently no report.

Thank-offering secretary reports having sent out 4780 boxes since June 15. Secretary was authorized to issue a circular letter to societies bearing on the subject of thank-offering.

Junior missionary secretary reports four new societies and 122 new subscribers to the proposed paper in the interest of Junior societies. Many more will be needed before the work can be begun. Information regarding this paper can be had by addressing the Junior missionary secretary, Mrs. N. Wylie Stevenson, No. 16 Locust St., Allegheny.

Literature secretary reported sales for two months amounted to \$13.74. Was authorized to keep a standing notice in reference to sale of minutes in the MAGA-

ZINE, to which special attention is called. These pamphlets have been printed for circulation throughout the church, and it is earnestly hoped that every society represented in the W. G. M. S. will order promptly.

July receipts, \$2,092.28; disbursements, \$3,816.23. August receipts, \$1,131.51; disbursements, \$5,320.20.

Report of the treasurer of the MAGAZINE Committee, Mrs. S. M. Kelso, for the quarter ending July 31st, 1896, was presented and adopted.

MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

Freedmen Mission Directory.

In order that all may have the address for sending clothing to each mission station, I give again the directory:

Henderson, N. C., Rev. C. L. McCracken.

Chase City, Va., Rev. J. M. Moore, Ph. D.

Bluestone, Va., Rev. W. M. Fowlkes (freight) Chase City, Va., P. O. Abbyville, Va.

Athens, Tenn., Rev. J. A. Cook.

Miller's Ferry, Ala., Rev. C. H. Johnson (freight) Miller's Ferry, care Alabama River Steamer Co., Mobile, Ala.

Prairie Bluff, Ala., Mr. H. J. Oliver, Catharine Station, and mark for Prairie, which is P. O. address.

Summerfield, Ala., Mr. Peter C. Cloud, Summerfield, via Selma, Ala.

Camden, Ala., Rev. E. K. Smith.

We give the post-office address as well as freight, where it differs from that for freight, that the principal may be informed by letter, and also send receipted bill of lading.

C. JANE VINCENT, Cor. Sec.

Notice.

Permit a word of explanation in regard to the printing of the minutes of the General Missionary Society.

The convention at Erie decided that the minutes should be printed under the direction of the Women's Board, and sold at the cost of printing and mailing. The cost of printing is 20 cents per copy with 4 cents additional for postage. As has been stated these reports are now ready, and will be furnished promptly on application. These should be in the hands

of our workers at once, and each society is urged to send for a liberal supply for distribution. Very little effort has been made to do this, but with the resumption of our work it is hoped more interest will be manifested. Address orders to Mrs. E. J. McPherson, Lit. Sec., 409 Morewood, Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Question Drawer.

[Address communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 234 East 9th street, Erie, Pa.]

We feel like making an apology for the order in which the questions, answered at the last general society, have appeared in the "Drawer." We arranged them in order for publication, but some delays in sending for, and receiving answers have thrown some of the questions out of their place, and we are obliged to publish them as they come to hand.

We have tried to keep the questions on Junior work and those on the thank-offering in groups. We begin thank-offering questions this month, and will continue them through several months.—J. D.

QUES.—Mrs. Reid said when making her report that more money was designated for Zenana work in India than was at present needed for that purpose so considerable money thus designated was tied up. All missionaries speak of the great need of Zenana workers in the field. How reconcile the two statements? Why cannot money designated for Zenana work be used in sending out more women missionaries? Are they not truly Zenana workers?

ANS.—It is true that all missionary women who work among heathen women in their homes may be called Zenana workers, but in her remarks Mrs. Reid intended to refer to native women helpers, as almost without exception the contributions for Zenana work are specified as "For the support of a bible woman," or "Toward the salary of a native Zenana helper."

It is the rule of the Women's Board to pay out all money as specified, but the number of native women workers in India is comparatively small yet, so the money is tied up.

MARY B. REID.

ANSWERS TO THANK-OFFERING QUESTIONS.

QUES.—Can a minister or Presbytery break up a missionary society for giving money for a thank-offering or to missions when needed in the church?

ANS.—As long as a missionary society in the United Presbyterian church does missionary work, no minister or presbytery has any right or power to "break it up." We have no pope in our church, and I am glad to say that every minister I have ever known was glad to have a missionary society in his congregation. The offerings of the missionary society are never expected until the individual members have first paid their congregational obligations, and the thank-offering is over and above all. As it is a sacred gift, there can be no interference on the part of anyone between the giver and the Lord, whom she is trying to honor. If such a case as the question contemplates were possible, I should advise the "breaking up" of the pastoral relation rather than the society, but I cannot bring myself to believe that any pastor in our church would ask the women for their thank-offering for congregational purposes. Perhaps it might be well to allow the missionary society to have an opportunity to manage the finances of the congregation in places where the session and trustees have made such a failure of it as to threaten to "break up" the missionary society when it refused to give its thank-offering for congregational expenses. Let no presumptuous hand touch the consecrated thank-offering, but let the woman offer to her Lord what she will. ELIZABETH M. CAMPBELL.

QUES.—Should all or any money raised for

Thank-offering be used to pay a church debt or any work at home?

ANS.—The thank-offering, as we understand it, is the outward sign of a heart overflowing with gratitude to God for all the blessings bestowed, and it would seem to be a very selfish use to make of such an offering, if used for a church debt or in any way where the giver received the financial benefit. More spiritual benefit would be obtained if the offering was used for some object outside the giver's own church.

QUES.—Should not the quota be paid before a thank-offering is given?

ANS.—Taking it for granted that the question refers to the individual, it may be answered very briefly. It certainly should. A woman is a member in the first place of the church; secondly of the Missionary Society. It is her duty first to pay her proportion of the amount needed to carry on the work of the church for the year, which is termed the quota, and not until this is paid is she prepared to give a thank-offering. If, however, the question refers to a missionary society giving a thank-offering when the congregation to which its members belong have failed to pay their quota, the answer might be different.

MRS. D. H. FRENCH.

Lake Presbytery.—Notice.

The annual meeting of Lake Presbytery W. M. S. will be held in the United Presbyterian church at Oil City, Pa., on Thursday, Oct. 8, 1896.

J. E. MCMASTER, Cor. Sec.

Mrs. Ann E. Paine.

The Woman's Missionary society of the United Presbyterian church, Henderson, would offer the following tribute to the memory of Mrs. Ann E. Paine, who died April 13, 1896.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his all-wise Providence, to remove from us a beloved member and co-worker in Christ, from her earthly to the Heavenly home, we as a society desire to bear testimony in Christ, to her Christian character, faithfulness to duty, and kindness to all.

Resolved, That we accept this bereavement from the hand of God, who doeth all things well, and while we bow in humble submission to the Divine will, that we who are left behind, be admonished to a greater diligence in the cause of the Master.

We unite in sympathy to the sorrowing family, and commend them to the Savior whom she loved and trusted.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Nancy Sloan.

A tribute of respect from the L. M. S. of Shady Side United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

It has pleased God, in His providence, to remove from us the oldest member of our society, Mrs. Nancy Sloan, who was called home on a beautiful Sabbath morning, July 5th, 1896. Just as the congregation with whom she so dearly loved to worship were lifting up their voices in the opening song of praise, she heard the music of heaven and the angel voices saying, "Come up higher," and joyfully she entered into the rest that remaineth for the children of God."

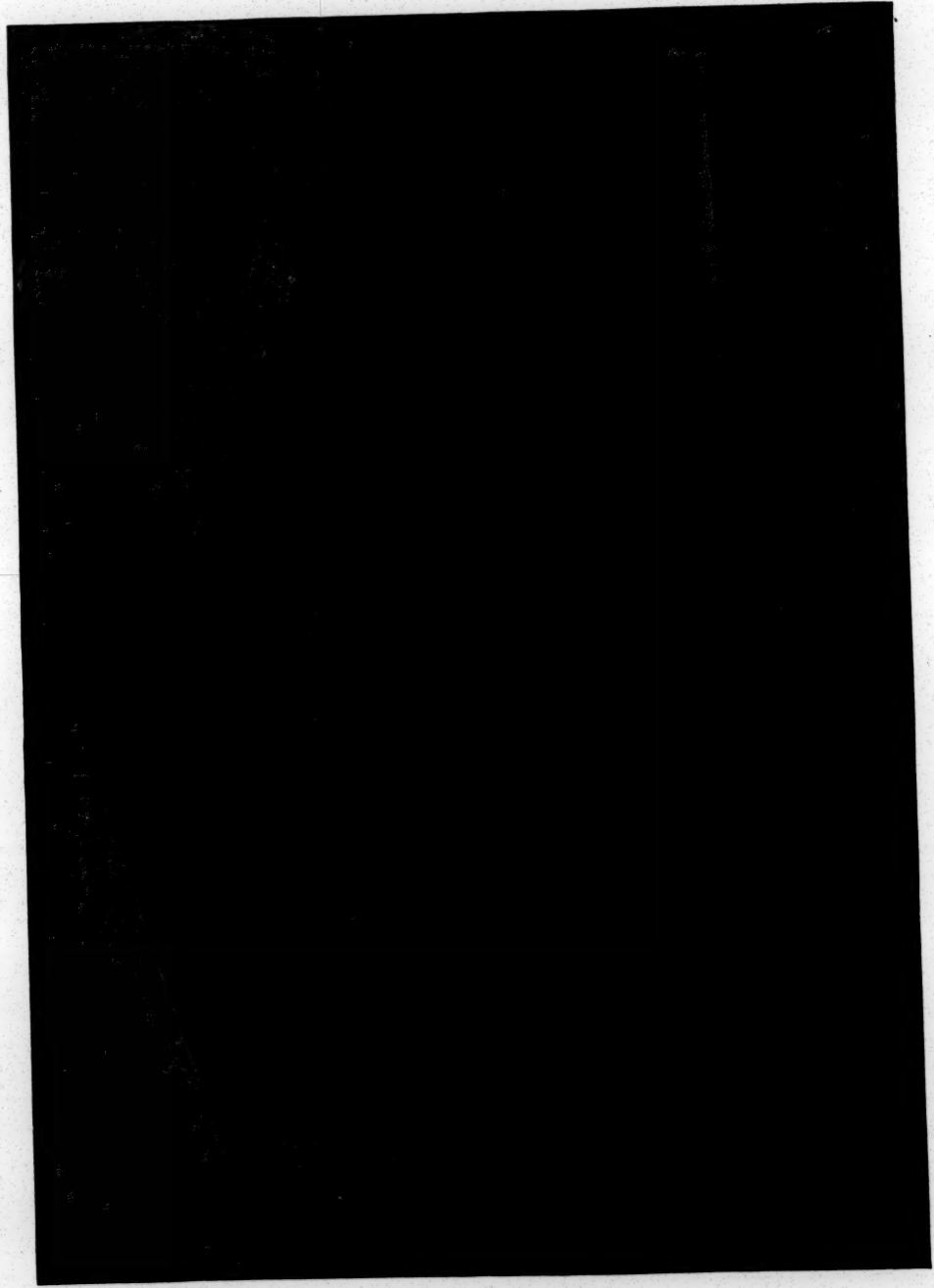
Owing to feeble health she was unable to attend in person our society meetings, but she was ever with us in spirit, and by sending her offerings showed that her heart was in the work.

We kindly cherish her memory, and bow humbly to God's will, knowing He "doeth all things well." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

To her sons and daughters we extend our sincere sympathy, and commit them to the care and comforting presence of the Saviour, who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

MRS. MATILDA McCULLY, }
MRS. EMMA MOORE CRAWFORD. } Com.

b



Girls' Industrial Home, Chase City, Va.